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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

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SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1901.

NO. 32

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—James M. Barnett.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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Members of Assembly—P. H. Cotter, Eldred; E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, J. A. Holder.

Lodge Directory.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
JOHN NELSON, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
JOHN NELSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No 347, meets First and Third Thursday evenings, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
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H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
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MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in Wells Hall, Thursday afternoons.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 83, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. MRS. A. M. BOARDMAN, W. M.
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Episcopal—J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

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March 1, 1900.

A BELLE OF... CANADA CITY

BY...
BRET HARTE

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CHAPTER II.

THE excitement over the failure of Montagu Trixit's bank did not burn itself out until midnight. By that time, however, it was pretty well known that the amount of the defalcations had been exaggerated, that it had been preceded by the suspension of the Excelsior bank of San Francisco, of which Trixit was also a managing director, occasioned by the discovery of the withdrawal of securities for use in the branch bank at Canada City; that he had fled the state eastward across the Sierras, yet that, owing to the vigilance of the police on the frontier, he had failed to escape and was in hiding. But there were adverse reports of a more sinister nature. It was said that others were implicated; that they dare not bring him to justice. It was pointed out that there was more concern among many who were not openly connected with the bank than among its unfortunate depositors. Besides the inevitable downfall of those who had invested their fortunes in it, there was distrust or suspicion everywhere. Even Trixit's enemies were forced to admit the saying that "Canada City was the bank, and the bank was Trixit."

Perhaps this had something to do with an excited meeting of the directors of the new mill, to whose discussions Dick Masterton, the engineer, had been hurriedly summoned. When the president told him that he had been selected to undertake the difficult and delicate mission of discovering the whereabouts of Montagu Trixit and, if possible, procuring an interview with him, he was amazed. What had the new mill, which had always kept itself aloof from the bank and its methods, to do with the disgraced manager? He was still more astonished when the president added bluntly:

"Trixit holds securities of ours for money advanced to the mill by himself privately. They do not appear on the books, but if he chooses to declare them as assets of the bank it's a bad thing for us. If he is bold enough to keep them, he may be willing to make some arrangement with us to carry them on. If he has got away or committed suicide, as some say, it's for you to find the whereabouts of the securities and get them. He is said to have been last seen near the summit. You understand our position?"

Masterton did, with suppressed disgust. But he was young, and there was the thrill of adventure in this. "I will go," he said quietly.

"We thought you would. You must take the up stage tonight. Come again and get your final instructions. By the way, you might get some information at Trixit's house. You—er—er—are acquainted with his daughter, I think."

"Which makes it quite impossible for me to seek her for such a purpose," said Masterton coldly.

A few hours later he was on the coach. As they cleared the outskirts of the town they passed two Chinamen plodding sturdily along in the dust of the highway.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Masterton started from a slight doze in the heavy, lumbering "mountain wagon" which had taken the place of the smart Concord coach that he had left at the last station. The scenery, too, had changed. The four horses threaded their way through rocky defiles of stunted larches and hardy brush, with here and there open patches of shrunken snow. Yet at the edge of declivities he could still see through the rolled up leather curtains the valley below bathed in autumn, the glistening rivers half spent with the long summer drought and the green slopes rolling upward into crest after crest of ascending pines. At times a drifting haze, always imperceptible from below, veiled the view. A chill wind blew through the vehicle and made the steel sledge runners that hung beneath the wagon ready to be shipped under the useless wheels an ominous provision. A few rude "stations," half blacksmith shop, half grocery, marked the deserted but well worn road. A long, narrow "packer's wagon" or a tortuous file of Chinamen carrying mysterious bundles depending from bamboo poles was their rare and only company. The rough sheepskin jackets which these men wore over their characteristic blue blouses and their heavy leggings were a new revelation to Masterton, accustomed to the thinly clad cooly of the mines. They seemed a distinct race.

"I never knew those chaps get so high up, but they seem to understand the cold," he remarked.

The driver looked up and ejaculated his disgust and his tobacco juice at the same moment.

"I reckon they're everywhar in Californy, whar ye want 'em and whar ye don't; ye take my word for it, afore long Californy will hev to reckon that she ginerally don't want 'em ef a white man has to live here. With a face tied up together in a language ye can't understand, ways that no feller knows—from their prayin to devils, swappin their wives and havin their bones sent back to Chiny—wot are ye goin to do, and where are ye? What are ye goin to make outer men that look so much alike ye can't tell 'em apart; that think alike and act alike, and never in ways that ye kin catch on to! Fellers knotted together in some underhand secret way of communicatin with each other, so that ef ye kick a Chinaman up here on the summit, another Chinaman will squeal in the valley. And the way they do it just gets me! Look yer! I'll tell ye something that happened that's gospel truth. Some of the boys that reckoned to hev some fun with the Chinee gang over at Cedar Camp started out one afternoon to raid 'em. They groped along through the woods whar nobody could see 'em, kalkilatin to come down with a rush on the camp over two miles away. And nobody did see 'em, only one Chinaman wot they met a mile from the camp, burnin punk to his joss or devil, and he scooted away just in the contrary direction. Well, sir, when they waltzed into that camp, darn my skin ef there was a Chinaman there, or as much as a grain of rice to grab! Somebody had warned 'em. Well, this sort of got the boys, and they set about discoverin how it was done. One of 'em noticed that there was some bits of tissue paper slips that they toss around at funerals lyin along the road near the camp, and another remembered that the Chinaman they met on the hill tossed a lot of that paper in the air afore he scooted. Well, sir, the wind carried just enough of that paper straight down the hill into that camp ten minutes afore they could get there to give them Chinamen warnin—whatever it was. Fact? Why, I've seen 'em stringin along the road just like them fellers we passed just now, and then stop all of a sudden, like hounds off the scent, jabber among themselves and start off in a different direction."

"Just what they're doing now! By thunder!" interrupted another passenger who was looking through the rolled up curtain at his side.

All the passengers turned with one accord and looked out. The file of Chinamen had indeed turned and was moving rapidly away at right angles from the road.

The passengers hurried out into the road to assist the driver.

"Got some signal, you bet," said the driver—"some yeller paper or piece of joss stick in the road! What?"

The remark was addressed to the passenger who had just placed his finger on his lip and indicated a stolid looking Chinaman overlooked before, who was sitting in the back, or "steerage," seat.

"Oh, he be darned!" said the driver impatiently. "He is no account. He's only the laundryman from Rocky Canyon. I'm talkin of the cooly gang."

But here the conversation flagged, and, the air growing keener, the flaps of the leather side curtains were battened down. Masterton gave himself up to conflicting reflections. The information that he had gathered was meager and unsatisfactory, and he could only trust to luck and circumstance to fulfill his mission. The first glow of adventure having passed, he was uneasily conscious that the mission was not to his taste. The pretty, flushed but defiant face of Cissy that afternoon haunted him. He had not known the immediate cause of it, but made no doubt that she had already heard the news of her father's disgrace when he met her. He regretted now that he hadn't spoken to her, if only a few formal words of sympathy. He had always been half tenderly amused at her frank conceit and her "airs"—the innocent, undisguised pride of the country belle, so different from the hard aplomb of the city girl! And now the foolish little moth, dancing in the sunshine of prosperity, had felt the chill of winter in its pretty wings.

The contempt he had for the father had hitherto showed itself in tolerant pity for the daughter, so proud of her father's position and what it brought her. In the revelation that his own directors had availed themselves of that father's methods and the ignoble character of his present mission, he felt a stirring of self reproach. What would become of her? Of course, frivolous as she was, she would not feel the keenness of this misfortune like another nor yet rise superior to it. She would succumb for the present, to revive another season in a dimmer glory elsewhere. His critical, cynical observation of her had determined that any filial affection she might have would be merged and lost in the greater deprivation of her position.

A sudden darkening of the landscape below and a singular opaque whitening of the air around them aroused him from his thoughts. The driver drew up the collar of his overcoat and laid the whip smartly over the backs of his cattle. The air grew gradually darker, until suddenly it seemed to disintegrate into invisible gritty particles that swept through the wagon. Presently these particles became heavier, more perceptible and polished like small shot, and a keen wind drove them stingingly into the faces of the passengers or insidiously into their pockets, collars or the folds of their clothes. The leather curtains were battened down, but the snow forced itself through the smallest crevices.

"We'll get over this when once we've passed the bend. The road seems to dip beyond," said Masterton cheerfully from his seat beside the driver.

The driver gave him a single scornful look and turned to the passenger who occupied the seat on the other side of him. "I don't like the look of things down there, but ef we are stuck we'll have to strike out for the next station."

"But," said Masterton as the wind volleyed the sharp snow pellets in their faces and the leaders were scarcely distinguishable through the smokelike discharge, "it can't be worse than here."

The driver did not speak, but the other passenger craned over his back and said explanatorily:

"I reckon you don't know these storms. This kind of dry snow don't stick and don't cling. Look!"

Indeed, between the volleys Masterton could see that the road was perfectly bare and wind swept, and except slight drifts and banks beside outlying bushes and stones, which even then were again blown away before his eyes the level landscape was unclothed and unchanged. Where these mysterious snow pellets went to puzzled and confused him. They seemed to vanish as they had appeared into the air about them.

"I'd make a straight rush to the next station," said the other passenger confidently to the driver. "If we are stuck, we are that much on the way. If we turn back, we'll have to take the grade anyway when the storm's over, and neither you nor I know when that'll be. It may be only a squall just now, but it's getting rather late in the season. Just plug in and drive all you know."

The driver laid his lash on the horses, and for a few moments the heavy vehicle dashed forward in violent conflict with the storm. At times the elastic hickory framework of its domed leather roof swayed and bent like the ribs of an umbrella. At times it seemed as if it would be lifted bodily off. At times the whole interior of the vehicle was filled with a thin smoke by drifts through every cranny. But presently, to Masterton's great relief, the interminable level seemed to end, and between the whitened blasts he could see that the road was descending. Again the horses were urged forward, and at last he could feel that the vehicle began to add the momentum of its descent to its conflict with the storm. The blasts grew less violent or became only the natural resistance of the air to their dominant rush. With the cessation of the snow volleys and the clearing of the atmosphere the road became more strongly defined as it plunged downward to a terrace on the mountain flank several hundred feet below. Presently they came again upon a thicker growth of bushes and here and there a solitary fir. The wind died away, the cold seemed to be less bitter. Masterton, in his relief, glanced smilingly at his companions on the box, but the driver's mouth was compressed as he urged his team forward, and the other passengers looked hardly less anxious. They were now upon the level terrace and the storm apparently spending its fury high up and behind them. But, in spite of the clearing of the air, he could not but notice that it was singularly dark. What was more singular, the darkness seemed to have risen from below and to flow in upon them as they descended. A curtain of profound obscurity, darker even than the mountain wall at their side, shut out the horizon and the valley below. But for the temperature Masterton would have thought a thunderstorm was closing in upon them. An odd feeling of uneasiness crept over him.

A few fitful gusts now came from the obscurity. One of them was accompanied by what seemed a flight of small startled birds crossing the road ahead of them. A second larger and more sustained flight struck his astonished eyes that they were white and each bird an enormous flake of snow! For an instant the air was filled with these disks, shreds, patches, two or three clinging together, like the downfall shaken from a tree, striking the leather roof and sides with a dull thud, spattering the road into which they descended with large rosettes that melted away, only to be followed by hundreds more that stuck and staid. In five minutes the ground was white with it, the long road gleaming out ahead in the darkness, the roof and sides of the wagon overlaid with it as with a coating of plaster of paris; the harness of the horses and even the reins stood out over their steaming backs like white trappings. In five minutes more the steaming backs themselves were blanketed with it, the arms and legs of the outside passengers pinioned to the seats with it, and the arms of the driver kept free only by incessant motion. It was no longer snowing; it was snowballing. It was an avalanche out of the slopes of the sky. The exhausted horses floundered in it, the clogging wheels dragged in it, the vehicle at last plunged into a billow of it and stopped.

The bewildered and half blinded passengers hurried out into the road to assist the driver to unhitch the wheels and fit the steel runners in their axles. But it was too late! By the time the heavy wagon was converted into a sledge it was deeply imbedded in wet and clinging snow. The narrow, long handled shovels borrowed from the "prospectors'" kits were powerless before this heavy half liquid impediment. At last the driver with an oath relinquished the attempt and, unhitching his horses, collected the passengers and led them forward by a narrower and more sheltered trail toward the next station, now scarce a mile away.

The led horses broke a path before them. The snow fell less heavily, but it was nearly an hour before the straggling procession reached the house and the snow coated and exhausted passengers huddled and steamed around the redhot stove in the barroom. The driver had vanished with his team in the shed. Masterton's fellow passenger on the box seat, after a few whispered words to the landlord, also disappeared.

"I see you've got Jake Poole with you?" said one of the barroom loungers to Masterton, indicating the passenger who had just left. "I reckon he's here on the same fool business."

Masterton looked his surprise and mystification.

"Jake Poole, the deputy sheriff," repeated the other. "I reckon he's here pretendin to hunt for Montagu Trixit, like the San Francisco detectives that kem up yesterday."

Masterton with difficulty repressed a start. He had heard of Poole, but did not know him by sight. "I don't think I understand," he said coolly.

"I reckon you're a stranger in these parts," returned the lounger, looking at Masterton curiously. "Ef you warn't, you'd know that about the last man San Francisco or Canada City wanted to ketch is Monty Trixit. He knows too much, and they know it. But they've got to keep up a show chase—a kind of a cirkis ridin—up here to satisfy the stockholders. You bet that Jake Poole hez got his orders—they might kill him to shut his mouth—ef they got an excuse—and he made a fight—but he ain't no such fool. No, sir! Why, the slickest man you ever saw was that director that come up here with a detective when he found that Monty hadn't left the state."

"Then he is hiding about here?" said Masterton, with assumed calmness.

The man paused, lowered his voice and said: "I wouldn't swear he wasn't a mile from whar we're talkin now. Why, they do allow that he's taken a drink at this very bar since the news came and that there's a hoss kept handy in the stable already saddled just to tempt him ef he was inclined to scoot."

"That's only a bluff to start him goin, so they kin shoot him in his tracks," said a bystander.

"That ain't no good ef he has—as they say he has—papers stowed away with a friend that would frighten some mighty partickler men out of their boots," returned the first speaker. "But he's got his spies, too, and there ain't a man that crosses the divide as ain't spotted by them. The officers brag about havin to put a cordon around the district, and yet they've just found out that he managed to send a telegraphic dispatch from Black Rock station just under their noses. Why, only an hour or so after the detectives and the news arrived here that came along one of them emigrant teams from Pike, and the driver said that a smart lookin chap in store clothes had come out of an old prospector's cabin up thar on the rise about a mile away and asked for a newspaper. And the description the teamster gave just fitted Trixit to a T. Well, the information was give so publiclike that the detectives had to make a rush over thar, and, b'gosh, although there wasn't a soul passed them but a file of Chinese coolies, when they got thar they found nothin—nothin but them Chinamen cookin their rice by the roadside."

Masterton smiled carelessly and walked to the window as if intent upon the still falling snow. But he had at once grasped the situation that seemed now almost providential for his inexperience and his mission. The man he was seeking was within his possible reach, if the story he had heard was true. The detectives would not be likely to interfere with his plans, for he was the only man who really wished to meet the fugitive. The presence of Poole made him uneasy, though he had never met the man before. Was it barely possible that he was on the same mission on behalf of others? If what he heard was true, there might be others equally involved with the absconding manager. But then the spies—how could the deputy sheriff elude them, and how could he?

He was turning impatiently away from the window when his eye caught sight of a straggling file of Chinamen breasting the storm on their way up the hill. A sudden idea seized him. Perhaps they were the spies in question. He remembered the driver's story. A sudden flash of intuition made him now understand the singular way the file of coolies which they met had diverted their course after passing the wagon. They had recognized the deputy on the box. Stay! There was another Chinaman in the coach. He might have given them the signal. He glanced hurriedly around the room for him. He was gone. Perhaps he had already joined the file he had just seen. His only hope was to follow them. But how? And how to do it quietly? The afternoon was waning. It would be three or four hours before the down coach would arrive, from which the driver expected assistance. Now, if ever, was his opportunity.

He made his way through the back door and found himself among the straw and chips of the stable yard and wood shed. Still uncertain what to do, he mechanically passed before the long shed which served as temporary stalls for the steaming wagon horses. At the farther end, to his surprise, was a tethered mustang, ready saddled and bridled, the opportune horse left for the fugitive, according to the lounger's story. Masterton cast a quick glance around the stable. It was deserted by all save the feeding animals.

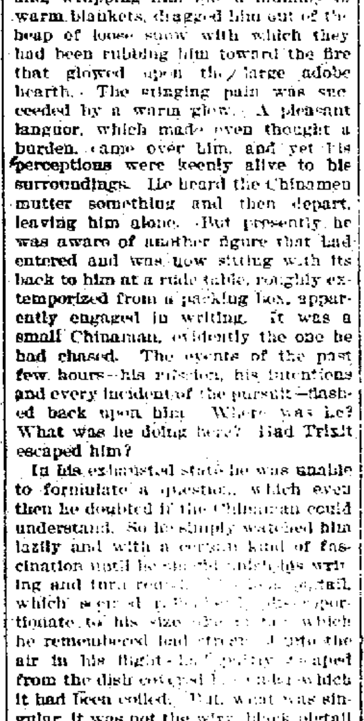
He was new to adventures of this kind or he would probably have weighed the possibilities and consequences. He was ordinarily a thoughtful, reflective man, but like most men of intellect he was also imaginative and superstitious, and this crowning accident of the providential situation in which he found himself was superior to his logic. There would also be a grim irony in his taking this horse for such a purpose. He again looked and listened. There was no one in sight or hearing. He untied the rope from the tit ring, leaped into the saddle and emerged cautiously from the shed. The wet snow muffled the sound of the horse's hoofs. Moving around to the rear of the stables so as to bring it between himself and the station, he clapped his heels into the mustang's flanks and dashed into the open.

At first he was confused and bewildered by the half hidden bowlders and snow shrouded bushes that beset the broken ground and dazzled by the still driving storm. But he knew that they would also divert attention from his flight, and beyond he could now see a white slope slowly rising before him, near whose crest a few dark spots were crawling in file, like Alpine climbers. They were the Chinamen he was seeking. He had reasoned that when they discovered they were followed they would, in the absence of any chance of signaling through the storm, detach one of their number to give the alarm. Him he would follow. He felt his revolver safe on his hip. He would only use it if necessary to intimidate the spies.

For some moments his ascent through the wet snow was slow and difficult, but as he advanced he felt a change of temperature corresponding to that he had experienced that afternoon on the wagon coming down. The air grew keener, the snow drier and finer. He kept a sharp lookout for the moving figures and scanned the horizon for some indication of the prospector's deserted hut. Suddenly the line of figures he was watching seemed to be broken and then gathered together as a group. Had they detected him? Evidently they had, for, as he expected, one of them had been detached and was now moving at right angles from the party toward the right. With a thrill of excitement he urged his horse forward. The group was far to the left, and he was nearing the solitary figure. But to his astonishment, as he approached the top of the slope, he now observed another figure as far to the right of the group as he was to the left, and that figure he could see, even at that distance, was not a Chinaman. He halted for a better observation. For an instant he thought it might be the fugitive himself, but as quickly he recognized it was another man—the deputy. It was he whom the Chinamen had discovered; it was he who had caused the diversion and the dispatch of the vedette to warn the fugitive. His own figure had evidently not yet been detected. His heart beat high with hope. He again dashed forward after the flying messenger, who was undoubtedly seeking the ruined prospector's hut and—Trixit.

But it was no easy matter. At this elevation the snow had formed a crust, over which the single Chinaman—a lithe, young figure—skimmed like a skater, while Masterton's horse crashed through it into unexpected depths. Again, the runner could deviate by a shorter cut, while the horseman was condemned to the one half obliterated trail. The only thing in Masterton's favor, however, was that he was steadily increasing his distance from the group and the deputy sheriff and so cutting off their connection with the messenger. But the trail grew more and more indistinct as it neared the summit until at last it utterly vanished. Still he kept up his speed toward the active little figure, which now seemed to be that of a mere boy skimming over the frozen snow. Twice a stumble and flounder of the mustang through a broken crust ought to have warned him of his recklessness, but now a distant glimpse of a low, blackened shanty, the ruined prospector's hut, toward which the messenger was making, made him forget all else. The distance was lessening between them. He could see the long pigtail of the fugitive standing out from his bent head, when suddenly his horse plunged forward and downward. In an awful instant of suspense and twilight, such as he might have seen in a dream, he felt himself pitched headlong into suffocating depths, followed by a shock, the crushing weight and steaming flank of his horse across his shoulder, utter darkness and merciful unconsciousness.

How long he lay there thus he never knew. With his returning consciousness came this strange twilight again—the twilight of a dream. He was sitting in the new church of Canada City as he had sat the Sunday of his arrival there, gazing at the pretty face of Cissy Trixit in the pew opposite him and wondering who she was. Again he saw the startled, awakened light that came into her adorable eyes, the faint blush that suffused her cheek as she met his inquiring gaze and the conscious, half conceited, half girlish toss of her little head as she turned her eyes away, and then a file of brown Chinamen, muttering some harsh, unearthly gibberish, interposed between them. This was followed by what seemed to be the crashing in of the church roof, a stifling heat succeeded by a long, deadly chill. But he knew that this last was all a dream, and he tried to struggle to his feet to see Cissy's face again—a reality that he felt would take him out of this horrible trance—and he called to her across the pew and heard her sweet voice again in answer. And then a wave of unconsciousness once more submerged him.



His horse plunged forward and downward.

He came back to life with a sharp tingling of his whole frame as if pierced with a thousand needles. He knew he was being rubbed, and in his attempts to throw his torturers aside he saw faintly by the light of a flickering fire that they were Chinamen, and he was lying on the floor of a rude hut. With his first movements they ceased and, wrapping him like a mummy in warm blankets, dragged him out of the heap of loose snow with which they had been rubbing him toward the fire that glowed upon the large adobe hearth. The stinging pain was succeeded by a warm glow. A pleasant languor, which made even thought a burden, came over him, and yet his perceptions were keenly alive to his surroundings. He heard the Chinamen mutter something and then depart, leaving him alone. But presently he was aware of another figure that had entered and was now sitting with its back to him at a rude table, roughly extemporized from a packing box, apparently engaged in writing. It was a small Chinaman, evidently the one he had chased. The events of the past few hours—his mission, his intentions and every incident of the pursuit—flashed back upon him. Where was he? What was he doing here? Had Trixit escaped him?

In his exhausted state he was unable to formulate a question, which even then he doubted if the Chinaman could understand. So he simply watched him lazily and with a certain kind of fascination until he should finish his writing and turn round. [illegible] pigtail, which seemed [illegible] disproportionate to his size [illegible] which he remembered had streamed out into the air in his flight—[illegible] escaped from the dish covered [illegible] under which it had been coiled. But what was singular, it was not the wiry, black pigtail of his Mongolian fellows, but soft and silky, and as the firelight played upon it it seemed of a shining chestnut brown! It was like—like— He stopped. Was he dreaming again? A long sigh escaped him.

The figure instantly turned. He started. It was Cissy Trixit! There was no mistaking that charming sensitive face, glowing with health and excitement, albeit showing here and there the mark of the pigment with which it had been stained, now hurriedly washed off. A little bit of it had run into the corners of her eyelids and enhanced the brilliancy of her eyes.

He found his tongue with an effort. "What are you doing here?" he said with a faint voice and a fainter attempt to smile.

"That's what I might ask about you," she said pertly, but with a slight touch of scorn. "But I guess I know, as well as I do about the others. I came here to see my father," she added defiantly.

"And you are the—the—one—I chased?" he said desperately.

"Yes, and I'd have outrun you easily, even with your horse to help you," she said proudly, "only I turned back when you went down into that prospector's hole with your horse and his broken neck atop of you."

He groaned slightly, but more from shame than pain. The young girl took up a glass of whisky ready on the table and brought it to him. "Take that! It will fetch you all right in a moment. Popper says no bones are broken."

Masterton waived the proffered glass. "Your father! Is he here?" he said hurriedly, recalling his mission.

"Not now. He's gone to the station—to—fetch my clothes," she said, with a little laugh.

"To the station?" repeated Masterton, bewildered.

"Yes," she replied, "to the station. Of course you don't know the news," she added, with an air of girlish importance. "They've stopped all proceedings against him, and he's as free as you are."

Masterton tried to rise, but another groan escaped him. He was really in pain. Cissy's bright eyes softened. She knelt beside him, her soft breath fanning his hair, and lifted him gently to a sitting position.

"Oh, I've done it before!" she laughed as she read his wonder, with his gratitude, in his eyes. "The horse was already stiff, and you were nearly so by the time I came up to you and got"—she laughed again—"the other Chinaman to help me pull you out of that hole."

"I know I owe you my life," he said, his face flushing.

"It was lucky I was there," she returned naively, "perhaps lucky you were chasing me."

"I'm afraid that of the many who would run after you I should be the least lucky," he said, with an attempt to laugh that did not, however, conceal his mortification, "but I assure you that I only wished to have an interview with your father—a business interview—perhaps as much in his interest as my own."

The old look of audacity came back to her face. "I guess that's what they all came here for—except one—but it didn't keep them from believing and saying he was a thief behind his back. Yet they all wanted [illegible]" she added [illegible].

Masterton [illegible] cheeks [illegible] this. "You escaped [illegible]" tatingly.

"Yes, the deputy [illegible] to help me."

"You?"

"Yes, me!" [illegible] her head [illegible] threw up [illegible] without my [illegible] didn't [illegible] only place [illegible] came to [illegible] thought I was [illegible] thing to find [illegible] saw [illegible] That's how he [illegible] gone when I ran [illegible] me."

"He was [illegible]" said Masterton [illegible] you get here?"

She slipped [illegible] him [illegible] that [illegible] the more [illegible]

"It [illegible] I know," she began [illegible] came alone, with only [illegible] guide [illegible] laundryman [illegible] attention. I [illegible] lady's dress, [illegible] their shoes"—she looked [illegible] little feet incased in wooden [illegible]—"and I had a long way to walk [illegible] even if I didn't look quite right [illegible] Chinaman no white man was able to detect the difference. You passed [illegible] twice in the stage, and you didn't [illegible] me. I traveled night and day, [illegible] the time walking and [illegible] along from one Chinaman to [illegible] or, when we were [illegible] a pole between two [illegible] of goods. I ate what [illegible] me, for I dared not [illegible] a restaurant. I [illegible] in their dens [illegible] night. Yet I got ahead of [illegible] sheriff, though I didn't [illegible] time what you were after," [illegible] presently.

He was overcome with wonder [illegible] miration of her courage [illegible] proach at his own [illegible]. This was the girl he had [illegible] as a spoiled village beauty, [illegible] with her small triumphs and provincial elevation and vacant of all other purpose. Here was she, the all [illegible] scious heroine, and he, her critic, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] less at her feet. It was not a [illegible] reflection, and yet he took a [illegible] delight in his expiation [illegible] had half believed in her without [illegible] ing it. What could he do or say [illegible] grief to say he [illegible] meanly.

"And you think you [illegible] detection?" he said, [illegible] at her escaped braid of hair.

She followed his eyes [illegible] words, half pettishly [illegible] loosened braid, [illegible] the top of her head and [illegible] weather beaten [illegible] hat back again [illegible]

"Yes. Everybody [illegible] you are, and even you wouldn't [illegible] a Chinaman!"

He had never seen her [illegible] she was arrayed [illegible] to affect the [illegible] conscious of [illegible] utterly unprepared for [illegible] ignoring of [illegible] was for the first [illegible] real prettiness [illegible] She looked fully [illegible] grotesque [illegible] that paragon of fashion [illegible] which had excited his [illegible] ment.

"I'm afraid [illegible]" he said bluntly, [illegible] that this sort of thing [illegible] your taste."

"I came to see my father [illegible] wanted to," she said [illegible] ness.

"And I came to see [illegible] didn't want to," he said [illegible] laugh.

She turned and [illegible] inquiringly upon him.

"Why did you come [illegible]

"I was ordered [illegible]

"Then you did not [illegible] thief?" she said, her eyes [illegible]

"It would ill become me to [illegible] your father or my directors," [illegible] diplomatically.

She was quick enough to detect [illegible] suggestion of moral superiority [illegible] tone, but woman enough to [illegible] "You're no friend of [illegible]" said. "I know."

"I am not," he [illegible] frankly.

"If you would [illegible] I can manage [illegible] "He'll do anything [illegible] with a touch of [illegible]

"Who could blame [illegible]" Masterton gravely. "But [illegible] man now and able to go where [illegible] and to see whom he likes [illegible] care to give [illegible] messenger."

"You wait and let me see him [illegible]" said the girl quickly. Then, [illegible] sound of sleighbells [illegible] road outside, she added, [illegible] I'll get your clothes. [illegible] drying by the fire [illegible] disappeared [illegible] returned presently [illegible] garments. "Dress yourself [illegible] Popper into the [illegible] and ran out into the [illegible]

Masterton dressed himself with [illegible] culty. Although circulation was [illegible] restored and he felt a glow [illegible] warmed clothes, he was still [illegible] bruised and shaken by his fall. He [illegible] scarcely finished dressing when [illegible] tagu Trixit entered the room [illegible] shed. Masterton looked at him with [illegible] new interest and a respect he had never felt before. There certainly [illegible] the [illegible] of the daughter in this keen [illegible] resolute lipped man, though his [illegible] eyes, like hers, had the same [illegible] steadfast audacity. With a [illegible]

(Continued on last page.)

McKean County Miner

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Reading [illegible] for each insertion.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1901.

Republican Ticket.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. W. BOYD,
of Bradford.

FOR CORONER,
B. H. HALL, M. D.,
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
B. G. BARTLE,
of Port Allegany.

REMEMBER the special election on Tuesday, Aug. 13. It is your duty to attend and vote.

THE Dowager Empress Frederick, mother of Emperor William of Germany, died at Hamburg Monday.

ON Friday last Charles Davis, white, was lynched at Smithville, Tenn., for criminally assaulting Miss Kate Hughes, a well-known young woman of that neighborhood.

THE fight between the United States Steel Corporation and Amalgamated Association will be fought to the bitter end. It will be a great test of strength between labor and capital.

AMERICAN and European residents assert that the demeanor of the Pekin populace is constantly becoming more unfriendly and that, as the allied troops depart the Chinese resume their old habits of jostling and cursing foreigners in the streets. Trouble may be looked for at any time.

A YOUNG boy attended the public hanging of a negro at Little Rock, Ark., last week. He went home, built a scaffold and, after trying to induce other boys to be hung without success, hung himself just for fun. He was discovered and cut down before he died. But there is no hope of his recovery. On this account public hanging may be abolished in Arkansas.

ON Tuesday of next week an election will be held in this borough to determine whether or not the school board shall bond the school district for $1,500 more for the purpose of finishing our new school house so that it may be in fit condition for school purposes this fall. Everyone should attend this election and vote for the additional bonding of the district. Do not let this be defeated through your neglect to vote.

Democratic Convention.

The Democratic county convention was held at the court house in this borough Tuesday afternoon and nominated a ticket of which one will be elected—the nominee for auditor. Two are to be elected and each party has named one candidate.

The convention was an unusually harmonious one for a Democratic gathering. Chairman C. P. Byron opened the convention and roll call of delegates showed about two-fifths of a full representation. The audience was drawn on and delegates appointed till half the full quota was reached. F. J. Collins was made temporary chairman, and after a few remarks appointed committees on credentials and resolutions.

The committee on resolutions retired and here came a long silent wait which was occasionally broken by requests from delegates that the whereabouts of said committee be ascertained and the reading of a fiery resolution by that guardian angel of Democracy, W. L. Cooper. Mr. Cooper wanted his pet resolution adopted at once but the chairman decided he was out of order and Willie was mad. However, after the committee returned with the long lost resolutions, with codicils attached, and the same read "Delegate Cooper 'rose up,' like William Reilly of the ballad," says the Era, "and read his favorite resolution. He pointed with pride to it and viewed with alarm unmixed, insulated, lone and unfused Democracy. What he wanted was a broader grasp of the political situation in this county. To refuse to fuse, in his estimation, was to confuse opportunities and to show a lack of gratitude to loyal yet sensitive allies. His resolution and speech made a pronounced hit and the former was added to those drafted by the committee."

The rules were changed so that the county chairman enters upon his duties immediately after his selection.

The ticket nominated is as follows:

For county treasurer, F. W. Brownell, of Smethport.

For coroner, Martin J. Sweeny, M. D., of Kane.

For county auditor, John L. Devlin, of Bradford.

The delegates chosen to represent this county at the State convention are J. C. Mills, C. G. Fitzgibbon and Sam T. Boarts.

James G. Paul was elected chairman to succeed C. P. Byron. There was objection to this by some of the delegates, whereupon Mr. Byron resigned and all was settled.

The resolutions pointed with pride to their National and State platforms and viewed with alarm the present Republican prosperity. "Our representative, E. A. Boyne," was also highly endorsed.

The following resolution, presented by C. P. Byron, was adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst that staunch representative Democrat, Patrick Richard Cotter; and

Whereas, In his death the Democracy has lost one of its best loved members; now, therefore, now be it

Resolved, That the Democrats of McKean county in convention assembled, express their sincere sorrow at the loss of such an able exponent of Democracy; that we recognize the great services which he rendered both his country and State during his brief incumbency of the office of Representative in the Legislature; that his loss is keenly felt, not only by the Democracy but by the entire community regardless of political affiliation; that in the death of Patrick Richard Cotter the county has lost a man who at all times championed the right and stood fearless for everything making for greater purity in politics; that in consideration of the invaluable services rendered by Mr. Cotter to the Democracy of the county, it is further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution, properly attested by the chairman and secretary of this convention, be forwarded to the bereaved family, and also be made a part of the record of this convention.

Resolutions were also adopted in memory of Hon. James Broder, deceased, a sterling Democrat and honorable man.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Aug. 5, 1901.

Those who had calculated upon making Democratic political capital out of the Schley Court of Inquiry, because Schley happens to be a Democrat, are beginning to see that their calculations will not be realized. The Navy Department would have been glad to have ordered a Court of Inquiry at any time within the last three years had Admiral Schley asked for it, and now that the Court is to be held it will render every official aid possible to Admiral Schley, in order that light may be thrown upon the dark places in the Naval campaign which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and if it be shown that the Department was wrong in its assumption that Schley disobeyed orders without properly explaining his reasons and that he displayed a lack of judgment at a critical period, nowhere would there be more satisfaction than in the Navy Department. Every record of the Department has been thrown open to Capt. Parker, who is one of Schley's counsel in order that he may have access to every scrap of official evidence that will be laid before the Court. Judge Advocate General Lemly of the Navy, who will be Judge Advocate of the Schley Court of Inquiry, has gone away on a vacation and will not return until Sept. 1. His subordinates will arrange all the details, such as making a list of witnesses who will appear before the Court, etc.

Secretary Gage is now the only member of the Cabinet in Washington, the rest of the members excepting Secretary Wilson, who is making a personal inspection of the corn and wheat crop of the West, being on vacation.

The United States Civil Service Retirement Association, an organization formed a year or so ago to secure Congressional legislation for the retirement on half pay of aged, infirm and incapacitated civil employes of the government without expense to the government, has recently been reorganized and now seems in a fair way to accomplish something. While the association doesn't figure on asking Congress to provide the money to pay the pensioned employes, the bill it will have introduced will provide for Government control, collection and expenditure of the Pension fund, which is to be obtained by deducting a small percentage—it is estimated that three per cent will be sufficient—from the salary of each civil employe of the government. This plan seems to be free from the objections which have killed all previous attempts to secure civil pension legislation, and no good reason for Congressional opposition has yet been brought forward. It only proposes authority for government employes to do what the employes of several big corporations in this and other countries have been doing for some time.

A communication declaring war against the United States has been received at the War Department, but no call for troops has been issued and no excitement is visible in Washington. The letter, which was mailed in Chicago, and which might have been written by Dowie, reads as follows:

"To the Government of the United States:

"In the year 1898 the God of this earth fought a battle against Spain with the use of the United States Army and Navy under the command of the Almighty God of Heaven. The government officials of America, although well aware of that, undertook to rob the Almighty God of the honor of the battle and induced their servants to turn down the holy person of the God of This Earth and brand him a liar and lunatic and deprive him of every means of making a living in this country, which, in all is a conspiracy against the government of the Almighty God of Heaven. Therefore, the Government of Almighty God is compelled to Declare War! against the United States of America and punish the Gang of Conspirators as they deserve. As Supreme Ruler of the twenty-four oldest races I have raised my Godly Government flag over the international flags of the twenty-four oldest nations. Yours,

God of This Earth
Representing the God of Heaven."

Possibly there will come a time when great battles will be fought without noise, at any rate there are men who think so. An officer of the Bureau of Ordnance of the War Department said on the subject: "We have had several proposals by alleged inventors looking towards the manufacture of a noiseless or soundless powder, but they never came to anything. None of them had any samples to submit and consequently no tests have ever been made of a soundless powder. Every once in a while someone thinks how nice it would be if there were a soundless powder and writes to know if we would like to have such an article, and that is as far as it ever goes. Personally I do not think it is possible to produce such an article. All explosions produce concussions, and concussions produce sound waves."

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holliday of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by H. C. Wells.

Razors, shears and cutlery of best makes at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Poetic Justice.

A Jerseyman who went out for a pleasure drive with his sweetheart not long ago received a needed, though rather severe, lesson on the necessity of being humane to animals in this day and generation. It was a very hot day, and when the drive was about half over the horse became balky. The driver thereupon lost his temper and gave the animal an unmerciful beating. Then the trouble began. A constable saw him and promptly arrested him for cruelty to animals. He was unable to pay the money and his companion settled the business for him. Then she went home and wrote him a note, and this was what it said:

"When a man will so brutally beat a horse and so easily lose his temper, a woman marrying him would take the chance of the same treatment."

And the rest of the note released him from the engagement.

Most people will be of the opinion that the young lady in question did exactly what was right and that she was fortunate in discovering the disposition of her fiance before instead of after marriage. Insensibility to the pain of another is not a trait which is particularly desirable in either a husband or a wife. While, of course, it is not to be inferred that every man who will beat his horse will also beat his wife, cruelty to animals so vitiates the moral nature that those perceptions upon which a sense of justice depends are blunted. The intimacy of marriage is so close that happiness can only exist where there is mutual forbearance, together with a certain sensitiveness to the feelings of others. The man who does not possess this sensitiveness may not be actually cruel to either wife or children, so far as physical maltreatment is concerned but he will say and do things which are quite as brutal as a blow with a whip would be. There are a dozen considerations which are likely to restrain him from wife beating—the opinion of his neighbors, custom, fear that his wife may invoke the law, fear of retaliation by her relatives, or merely the fact that it is not usual for American husbands to express their sentiments in that way. But if his nature is essentially cruel he will find ways to torture those dependent upon him which are worse than physical pain. The true test of a man's character is not to be found in his actions when he is restrained by public sentiment or fear of consequences. He is his real self when he is free to act, to indulge meanness, or passion, or cruelty toward some creature which cannot retaliate and has no means of defence. The Jerseyman who is the unenviable hero of the incident above recorded was subjected to this test, and apparently he failed. He may have had an idea that by his lack of consideration for his horse he was showing a manly and stern strength of character which would impress the girl in the seat beside him. Some men have an idea that women rather admire those who are capable of cruelty. These men are trying to fit sixteenth century ideas into twentieth century civilization. It can not be done. It is true that women admire a brave man, and often the man in question is a soldier or a hunter, but there is a very fine distinction between the brave man and the man who is ever ready to inflict pain. What the modern girl sees to admire in the soldier is not his willingness to shoot other men but his readiness to be shot himself; not his murderous impulses, but his sacrifice of personal safety. The kind of woman who would like a man better after seeing him act cruelly toward a helpless animal is not fit for a civilized country.

Give the Monkey a Chance.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Chicago University no longer has a monopoly of strange stories of men and animals. Columbia has come to the front in the person of Professor Thorndike, who says that the mind of the monkey resembles man's and that if the monkeys had the same chance as men they might have as good minds, and that any way they are entitled to be classed with men mentally. This is news. We have long been accustomed to the Darwinian theory that man is descended from the monkey, but the "missing link" has never been found, although Professor Haeckel has gone in search of it or him—we do not wish to be too particular in the matter of pronouns.

The further statement is made that monkeys learn little from man, but altogether from "sense." We wish that last word had been more explicit. It has many meanings and is open to misinterpretation. If the professor means that monkeys have sense and men have not, the situation is not pleasing. Now, it is just this kind of indefinite statement that makes trouble in this world. We know that it is not uncommon for a man "to make a monkey of himself," which is not considered complimentary, but if this professor is right it may be in the nature of a compliment. For ourselves we don't care a rap whether man is descended from a monkey or not. It seems to have little bearing on the bread and butter situation, but it is of vast importance if monkeys can be made into men by a little education. We believe the professor ought to prove his theory and trust that he will open a college for monkeys.

Has this generation forgotten Joe Mulhatton's story to the effect that Kentucky planters had imported a large number of gorillas and had trained them to break hemp, to the great distress of local laborers? Has this generation also forgotten that this story was taken seriously and that leading newspapers sent correspondents to the spot to see the gorillas at work? Well, human credulity is past all finding out and as long as we live so largely in the realm of imagination such stories will continue to gain more or less credence. As for monkeys, we are willing to have them educated to any extent if only they will perform some of the labor required of mankind. This, of course, would be slavery, but perhaps of a pardonable kind.

Seriously speaking, there is so much of the brute in man at the present time that there is plenty of room for all the efforts that can be put forth for his improvement. As for the monkey, we may respect him as an ancestor, but let him go at that. And thereby hangs a tail.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The South and the Presidency.

[illegible]

Southern opinion does not seem to be kindling readily at the suggestion made in last week's issue of The Commoner that the next Democratic National Convention might well go South for a Presidential candidate. Perhaps the rose behind Colonel Bryan's unexpected hint was too apparent; perhaps the Presidential canvass for 1904 is still too far off. At any rate, there has been no wild rush of Southern applicants for that place of honor on the national ticket, which Colonel Bryan says the North and the East have too long been permitted to monopolize. But though few or no Presidential bees have yet begun to buzz, Southern leaders and Southern newspapers are inclined to admit both the justice and the timeliness of The Commoner's suggestion. The Atlanta Journal clearly voiced this sentiment when it said the other day that "a Southern man as a candidate on a national ticket would be a scarecrow to very few citizens of the United States," and added: "The South is too large and important a part of the country to be ignored much longer in the makeup of national tickets."

How ripe the time is for lifting the embargo on Southern Presidential ambitions it is difficult to say. Certainly no Southern Presidential nominee could tell in advance just how fatal a "scarecrow" he might prove to susceptible Northern sentiment or to lingering Northern prejudice. But it is the South's misfortune that just when her long deferred claim to national honors is on the point of being recognized she finds herself at a relatively lower pitch of political power and more absolutely weakened in constructive leadership than at any other period since the overthrow of so called "carpetbag." Ten or twenty or even thirty years ago, while the South was itself still debarred from seeking the Presidency or the Vice Presidency, the candidates it might have offered the country formed a galaxy which extinguishes in brilliancy any rival group the Southern States could muster now—Beck, Lamar, Bayard, Vance, Hill, and in late days, Carlisle, Mills and Crisp. Beside these names there are to be put now only those of newcomers of far more moderate talents and far less balanced training, like Bailey, McMillen, Sayers, Dockery or DeArmond.

Yet the disparity in personal equipment between the leaders of 1880, or even of 1890, and those of 1900 does not altogether measure the obscuration which the power of the South as a section has gradually undergone. The solid South of twenty years ago had to effect an alliance with at most three Northern States to capture the Electoral College. Under the apportionment of 1882 the South had 153 electoral votes, only 10 short of a majority. Under the apportionment of 1901, with its own solidity shattered by the loss of West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland, it commands only 151 electoral votes, 88 short of a majority. In other words, the South's relative power in the nation has fallen in the last twenty years from 38 per cent to 31 per cent. In another decade it will sink still lower, certainly below 30 per cent. If the relative importance of its vote or the superior character of its leadership could have governed the distribution of Democratic Presidential nominations in former years most of them would have gone without challenge to the South. In these latter days of shrinking power and rudderless statesmanship the South's title to national preferment is far more clouded, and it will owe the honors it may win in coming Democratic National conventions more to party dry rot in the North and East than to its own traditional and inherent sectional strength.

Reduced Rates to the Seashore

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has arranged for four low-rate fifteen-day excursions for the present season from Erie, Kossuth(?), Tionesta, Rochester, Bradford, Clermont, DuBois and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Anglesea, Wildwood or Holly Beach on Thursdays, August 8, 22, and September 5, 1901.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

Stop-over can be had at Philadelphia, either going or returning.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, apply to ticket agents, E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or F. A. Fellows, Division Ticket Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sunday Excursion to Bradford and Rock City.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., B. & K. Ry. will sell tickets from Smethport to Bradford and return at 75 cents, and to Rock City and return $1 each. Train leaves Smethport at 8:30 a. m. Returning, train arrives at Smethport at 6:30 p. m.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF ALIAS FIERI FACIAS, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Penn'a, and to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises at the Borough of Mt. Jewett, Penn'a, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST [illegible], 1901,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following pieces of property:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on the line between lands of Nels Nelson and Andrew Peterson, 105 feet south of the right of way of the Mt. Jewett and Smethport Railroad, thence north [illegible] degrees [illegible] minutes east along said dividing line one hundred and five feet [illegible] to the southern line of said right of way, thence [illegible] degrees west along said right of way one hundred and forty-six feet [illegible] to a post, thence south [illegible] degrees [illegible] minutes west one hundred and five feet [illegible] to a post, thence south [illegible] degrees east one hundred and forty-six feet [illegible] to the place of beginning. Containing [illegible] of an acre more or less.

ALSO

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of ground in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post [illegible] south of the right of way of the Mt. Jewett and Smethport Railroad on the line dividing lands of Nels Nelson and the said Andrew Peterson, thence south [illegible] degrees [illegible] hundred and eighty-nine feet [illegible] to a post on the line of the Railroad right of way aforesaid; thence along the south line of said right of way north [illegible] degrees [illegible] minutes west two hundred and four feet [illegible] to a post, thence continuing along said right of way one hundred and twenty-nine feet [illegible] to a post the northeast corner of land conveyed or agreed to be conveyed by Nels Nelson to the Mt. Jewett Flint Glass Company; thence south 4 degrees [illegible] minutes west one hundred and five [illegible] feet to the place of beginning. [illegible] more or less. Being the same [illegible] Taylor by [illegible] Sheriff of [illegible] county by Deed [illegible] November [illegible] and recorded in the [illegible] office of McKean county in [illegible] Book Vol. [illegible] page [illegible]

The two above described pieces of land [illegible] [illegible] with all the buildings, [illegible] together with one [illegible] machinery, [illegible] tanks, [illegible] [illegible]

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Progress Glass Company at the suit of [illegible] Taylor.

[illegible] Fry, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., July 24, 1901.

Dr. Pierce's Bureau of Information

It has been publicly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Exposition [illegible] without [illegible] It has been a point of honor with Buffalo [illegible] guests shall be accommodated properly and reasonably. For example, Dr. Pierce's Free Bureau of Information [illegible] accommodations for one hundred thousand guests in the most desirable homes and [illegible] of Buffalo. Every room offered to guests has been [illegible] Many rooms have been rejected by the Bureau because of location or some other unsatisfactory feature. The rooms [illegible] by Dr. Pierce include the choicest rooms obtainable in Buffalo.

Dr. Pierce's Bureau was not organized for profit, but as a public spirited enterprise for the best interests of Buffalo and [illegible] There [illegible] no charge, fee or gratuity, for any service rendered by the Bureau [illegible] householders.

The Free Bureau is located in a beautiful old mansion of Buffalo, at 652 Main street, just opposite the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is chief medical director. It is fitted up with reception rooms, wash rooms, dressing rooms [illegible] for the convenience of visitors.

It provides a postal department where guests may receive mail, and writing rooms with facilities for the writing and mailing of letters. There is also an identification department where strangers may meet friends, or in case of accident may be identified and their friends notified.

In connection with this Free Bureau Dr. Pierce issues a free guide book to the Pan-American, Buffalo and vicinity. This book contains maps of Buffalo and the Exposition together with much information most useful and necessary for the guidance and direction of strangers in a strange city.

The question of where are you going to lodge [illegible] should be settled first of all. Have all mail, telegrams and parcels sent in care of the Bureau, if you wish.

As soon as you arrive in Buffalo proceed at once to the Bureau at 652 Main street, [illegible] and secure your lodging. Dr. Pierce's [illegible] organized [illegible] can [illegible] the most liberal [illegible] bureau [illegible] it gives [illegible] service.

With the largest list of choice rooms on the books of the Bureau no guest is disappointed in securing suitable lodgings. [illegible] to Dr. Pierce's Free Bureau.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

[illegible]

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

[illegible]

A WOMAN WITH AN

to her best interest will not only inspect but buy of us the GROCERIES she needs.

We have the largest and best selected stock and always sell at the lowest prices. The following are some of the things you need and of which we have a fresh supply:

Bananas, Oranges, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Canteloupes, Watermelons, Lemons, Limes, Peas, Beans and all kinds of Vegetables.

We have the finest line of canned and bottled goods in the town.

The purity of our goods we warrant, the prices are as low as they can be made, consistent with good and pure goods.

Shepard & Gallup.

Goods Delivered.

Gallup Block Smethport, Pa

"THE FAMOUS,"

CLOTHING STORE.

Central Block. Smethport, Pa.

Look At The Display

in our window and you'll see among other great Bargains we offer this week:

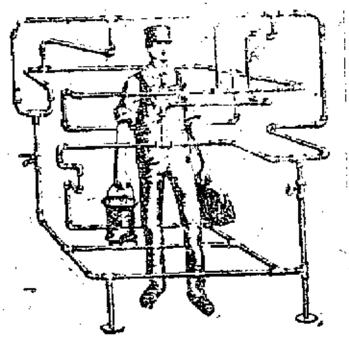
$8.50 SUITS Marked Down to $6.00
$7.50 [illegible] $5.00
$7 [illegible] $4.95
$1.50 STRAW HATS Marked Down to .50
$1.25 [illegible] .75

At these prices they will not be in the window nor in the store very long. Such Bargains sell quickly therefore come early if you are interested.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Mellivona

WOMEN TREAT YOURSELVES
Medicines ARE WHAT YOU WANT
THEY CURE WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT $1.00
[illegible] Hornellsville, N.Y.



PIPING IS OFTEN COMPLICATED and when a leak or other disorder occurs in such it requires the attention of an EXPERT PLUMBER.

There is no maze of pipes that can floor our workman. Under our direction they can carry out the most intricate piece of work to the entire satisfaction of the man who pays the freight. Material used is the best suited to each piece of work. Has all the qualities found most desirable.

Palmer & Strong,
UNION PHONE 31. REILLY BLOCK. Smethport.

Shirt Waists

Below Wholesale Cost.

J. COLEGROVE,
106 Main Street.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.
J. R. Flickinger, Principal.

Fall Term Opens September 9, 1901.

A training school of the first rank for teachers.

FREE TUITION

for prospective teachers. High grade faculty. Splendid equipment. College preparatory for the best colleges. Excellent courses in music, elocution and business. Expenses lower than in any other institution of equal rank. Remember tuition is absolutely free to prospective teachers who are seventeen years of age. Address for illustrated catalog,

THE PRINCIPAL.

Election Notice.

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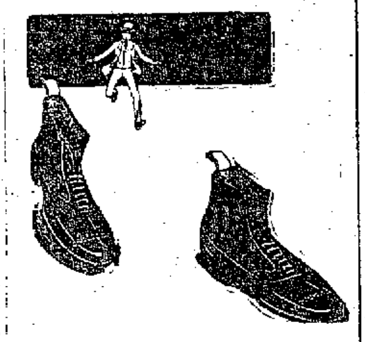


DO NOT LET OUR SHOES ESCAPE

You may not be able to capture such decided bargains again. Not every day, nor even every year, are such little prices found in combination with such qualities. Judges of leather will appreciate the value of these offers. Others can take our word for it.

These are some of the things to make feet comfortable and pocket happy.

Anderson & Carlson
SMETHPORT PA.

For Stylish Millinery

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Our Line of Trimmed Hats Contains Many Beautiful Creations, that Will be Sold At and Below Cost.

Mansfield Normal School.

A Superior Training School for Teachers.

[illegible]

ANDREW THOMAS SMITH, Ph. D.
Mansfield, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,

[illegible]

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

PASADENA KIDNEY CURE. COUGH BALSAM. LINIMENT.

[illegible] The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.

PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Bell 'Phone 136. Union 'Phone 317.

Delicious and Strengthening

You Will Find

Dotterweich's Pure Beer,

Made from Pure Malt and Hops
Physicians Recommend It.

Write or Telephone for a case for family use.

DOTTERWEICH BREWING CO.,
OLEAN, NEW YORK.
Thomas S. Whitton, President.

On Sale at Wright House, Commercial House.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors,

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

All Summer Goods Sold at Cost,

At Store of

D. C. Young

Have a nice lot of LAWNS, GINGHAMS, WHITE GOODS, &c.

Only a few SHIRT WAISTS, WRAPPERS and SUITS left. Call early and take your choice. All will be sold at cost and for cash only.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., July 29, 1901.

PALACE PHARMACY.
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Hammocks at Cost.

Only a Few Left.

25 CENTS SAVED.

From this date until August 15 1901 we will allow all back subscriptions to be paid at the low rate of $1.00 per year. Remember this offer will only last until August 15, so don't fail to pay up in time. After that date the full rate of $1.25 will be charged in all cases.

THE McKEAN MINER,
SMETHPORT, PA.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

We wish to call your attention to the reduction in Summer wear. Our entire line of ladies' shirtwaists in white and colored. See prices quoted:

50 cent waist at 39c.
75c waist at 50c.
$1.00 waist at 75c.
$1.25 waist at 95c.
$1.50 waist at $1.12.
$2.50 waist at $2.00.

Ladies' Linon Suits in all colors
Were $5.00 now $3.75.
Ladids' Linon, Pique and Duck Skirts
Were $1.50 now $1.10.
Ladies' Sailor Hats
Were 50c now 39c.
Were 75c now 50c.
Were $1.00 now 75c.
Children's Straw Hats
Were 25c now 19c.
Were 50c now 39c.
Were $1.00 now 75c.

The Satisfaction of Winning Out.

There can be no satisfaction in competing for work, some say. But there is satisfaction. It is the satisfaction of "winning out." Not on the price—we don't mean that; but on quality and service. That's what counts. To do perfect plumbing is good. To do it at a fair price is better. And to get it done promptly is best. Why not trust a trusty plumber for your work.

H. H. Redfield,
Hardward and Plumbing,
Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

Notice!

Having just moved into our new store, next to Fry & Herzog's, we invite you to call and note our low prices in millinery and ladies' summer furnishings.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN,
Next Door to Fry & Herzog's,
Smethport, Pa.

LUMBER
all kinds
Shingles
Lath
Doors
Windows
Lime
Porch Posts
Cements
Newels
Wall Plaster
Rail, &c.
Brick
Sewer Pipe
Tile Chimneys.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Special election next Tuesday.

—Go to the Olean races to-morrow.

—See new ad of H. W. Rubin & Co.

—Base ball Saturday. Printers vs. Glassworkers.

—Get out and vote at the special election next Tuesday.

—F. D. Cummings has moved into his new residence on Green street.

—The East Smethport school will open the first Monday in September.

—H. H. Redfield has a new ad on plumbing this week. Read what he says.

—Shirtwaists are advertised by J. Colegrove this week at greatly reduced prices.

—Wm. Monheimer of The Famous clothing house advertises more bargains this week.

—Shepard & Gallup have a new ad in this issue which tells you of their mammoth grocery stock.

—New steel roller shelves and desks are being placed in the vault of the county commissioners' office.

—The glassworkers who defeated the business men recently will play the printers of this place a game of ball on Saturday.

—Ground has been broken for the foundation for the new parish house of St. Luke's church at the rear of this office.

—"The Newspaper and Its Influence" is the Rev. G. H. Patterson's subject for next Sunday evening. His subject for the morning is, "The Profit of Godliness."

—The Hiltonville boys met defeat at the hands of the town boys Monday afternoon by a score of 11 to 22. A third game will be played next week for a purse.

—The Eldred Cycle & Supply Co. has a new ad in this issue. This company is putting out some good wheels at moderate prices and if you want a new wheel or an old one repaired it would be well to see them before closing a deal. All goods and work are guaranteed.

—The Grand Central has received a fresh coat of paint. Landlord McGuire always keeps this popular hotel in first-class order.

—The Bucktail Regiment will hold its annual reunion at Gettysburg instead of Curwensville this year. The date of the reunion is October 10, 11 and 12, and a large attendance is expected.

—John Cody is putting in two stand pipes to supply water from the main to the street sprinkler. One is at the corner of Main and Church streets and the other just below the Wright House.

—Twenty of our young people enjoyed a green corn roast last Friday night. This was the first roast of the season and barring a few accidents and the loss of a portion of the edibles a fine time was had.

—The Cornen hose company's baseball team of Bradford will battle with Art Henry's team at Ormsby on Sunday next. The special train on the B., B. & K. Ry. will accommodate all who wish to attend from nearly any part of the county.

—The Bennett family, to the number of about twenty-five, held a picnic and reunion at Farmers Valley on Friday last. They chartered a special train on the Shawmut which left this place at 10 a. m., returning in the early evening.

—On Saturday the first regular passenger train was run over the P., S. & N. R. R. between this place and Larabee. The road bed is in good condition and the road is receiving a fair share of the patronage. For time of trains see time card.

—Letters remaining in the postoffice for week ending Aug. 3, 1901: Joe Bracket, Miss Zelah Canfield 2, Mrs. Hattie Herman, Richard Lavery, Chas. E. Miller, Miss Pasquale Reda Scarpellino, Miss Christina Swanson, Frank Tompkins.

—All the passenger cars on the Pennsylvania railroad are about to be fitted with windows that will open automatically by the slight pressure of a spring. This will remove the opportunity of many traveling men of getting acquainted with the fairer sex.

—Will someone who has a little spare time try and find the present whereabouts of the opera house building committee? It seems inhuman that such prominent citizens should so mysteriously disappear from our midst and no one make an effort to learn their fate.

—Galeton people held a boxing carnival at that place on Wednesday of last week. There were several contests, but the principal event was between "Tug" Wilson, the English ex champion, and Hite Peckham recently of Bradford. Neither was knocked out.

—John Poquett, a Frenchman who resided at Gardeau, died at the poor house Monday evening. He was about 56 years of age and had been an inmate of the poor house about a week. His remains were taken charge of by Rev. Father Cosgrove and the funeral was held from St. Elizabeth's church Wednesday morning.

—Principal Davis of the Clarion State Normal School reports a greatly increased interest among young people who are thinking of teaching. Free tuition at Clarion for Normal students and the liberal appropriations made for the school by the late legislature will give Clarion Normal an equipment second to none in Western Pennsylvania. Those contemplating a Normal course should write Principal Davis while there is yet room in that institution.

—The latest is on a new Armstrong county justice of the peace. One of his first acts was to issue a warrant, but the constable had to follow his man across the line into New Bethlehem, where the man wanted declared he would stay because the 'squire had no jurisdiction in Clarion county. Soon after this the 'squire married a couple and closed the ceremony by saying: "You are now man and wife everywhere except in New Bethlehem. I have no jurisdiction there."—New Bethlehem Vindicator.

—Mrs. Cora Hamilton died at the poor house Monday night aged about 70 years. She had been a charge on the county only three weeks, previous to which she had been a resident of Foster township upwards of 20 years. She was a woman of excellent Christian traits and had many friends among the older residents of Foster township, but they had nearly all departed from that section and it became necessary for her to apply to the poor authorities for aid. She had laid away a small amount for funeral expenses and her remains were laid at rest in Oak Hill cemetery, Bradford, on Wednesday.

—Foley Bros., of Olean, N. Y., have been awarded the contract for erecting a mausoleum in Oak Hill cemetery, on the A. J. Edgett burial plot. It will be constructed of Barre granite and contain 10 catacombs for bodies. It will be the first mausoleum placed in McKean county and the first one in this section of the state.—Bradford Era. Our esteemed contemporary is mistaken in saying that "this will be the first mausoleum placed in McKean county." Hon. Henry Hamlin has one completed on his lot in Rose Hill cemetery in this borough, which has 12 catacombs for bodies, and Hon. B. D. Hamlin has another well under way of construction in the same cemetery.

—One of the most remarkable things ever seen on a bowling alley occurred at the Athletic club alleys in this place Tuesday afternoon. F. H. Freeman delivered a ball which knocked down all but the five and seven pins and number seven was hit hard enough so that it rocked back and forth and finally balanced on its edge. After being examined by the pin stickers to see that nothing other than gravity held the pin at this angle, Mr. Freeman delivered the second ball which struck the five pin and the jar of this pin striking the alley put number seven off its balance and it fell, giving Mr. Freeman a "spare." This phenomenon was witnessed by a half dozen of Smethport's best citizens who will testify to the facts and if any of our neighbors know of a more strange incident we would like to hear from them.

Death of Mrs. William Pratt.

Died, Mrs. William Pratt, at her home in East Smethport, on Thursday, Aug. 1st, at 11:30 p. m., aged 69 years, 5 months and 24 days, after an illness of several years.

Mrs. Sylvia Hultz Pratt was born in Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., on February 7, 1832. She moved with her parents to Eden, N. Y., where in April, 1853, she married Wm. Pratt. In the fall of the same year they moved to Keating township. Here they were among the first settlers, and as there was no sawed lumber at hand they erected a log cabin on what is now known as the Glavin farm. Here they lived for upwards of twenty years, and when the Smethport Extract company located their plant in East Smethport Mr. Pratt was among their first employes, retaining his position as yard boss until a few years ago. About sixteen years ago they moved into their home in East Smethport where they have since resided. On the 24th day of October, 1888, she united with the Episcopal church of which she has been a faithful and consistent member.

Mrs. Pratt was one of those rare women whom one meets but occasionally. She always had a good word for everyone and her goodness was not only in words but embodied in acts of kindness. The words of Rev. J. H. McCandless at the funeral service were a fitting tribute to this noble and unselfish woman. He said: "Words cannot express the sadness this community and this church feel at the loss of this devoted Christian woman." Her Christianity was ever practical, and there is scarcely a person among the older inhabitants of East Smethport who has not been the recipient of her kindness. She was the one whom people called on in time of trouble, and it mattered not what her own troubles might be she was always ready and willing to help those in distress. Her life has been one of unselfishness and her many friends will ever cherish a lively recollection of her many noble qualities.

An aged husband, a sister, Mrs. Nancy Taggart of Mayville, N. Y., one daughter and three sons are left to mourn. They are: Mrs. John D. Abbey, Chas. H. Pratt and Fred Pratt, all of East Smethport, and William J. Pratt of Cripple Creek, Col.

The funeral service was held at All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, on Saturday, Aug. 3rd, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating. A large concourse of relatives and friends followed the remains to their last resting place in Rose Hill cemetery.

Ball Game Saturday.

The printers of this borough on Monday fearlessly challenged the victorious team of glassworkers to play a game of baseball. The challenge was accepted with breath-taking alacrity and next Saturday afternoon was named as the date of the conflict.

This will probably be the most spectacular production ever witnessed in this section and none can afford to miss it. No admission will be charged. Following is the probable line-up of the teams:

Glassworkers—Nelson c, Morris l.f., Hazen 2b, Hunter c.f., Welch ss, Sloppy r.f., Sherer p, Andorfer 3b, Owen 1b. Subs—Zellers, Titus, B. Sloppy.

Printers—H. Knapp ss, Usher 3b or c, R. Knapp 2b, Backus c or 3b, Redfield 1b, Morrison cf, Clarke lf, Thamm rf, Henderson p. Subs—Lindsley, Baker, Stark, Rubin, Gilbert, Col. Olson and Jack Beckwith.

PERSONAL MENTION.

C. A. Burdick visited Kane on Monday.

Miss Allena Poure of Bradford is visiting Miss Marion Dunn.

Mrs. Robt. Hamilton left Tuesday for a visit at the Pan-Am.

Henry Torrence is visiting friends in Punxsutawney this week.

Mrs. A. B. Walker of Bradford visited friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Helsel of Ormsby were visitors in town Monday.

Miss Susie Acre returned home Tuesday from a visit to the Pan-Am.

E. J. Palmer of Friendship visited his son, W. B. Palmer, over Sunday.

Mrs. L. W. Dunn left Saturday for a visit with friends in Lock Haven.

Messrs. Scott and Edward Walker are taking in the sights at the Pan-Am.

Mrs. A. M. Boardman and daughter, Miss Rhea, returned home Saturday.

Miss Ida Rubin left to-day for a two weeks' visit with friends in Syracuse.

Misses Bertha and Harriet Brown of Washington, D. C., and Wellsville, N. Y., respectively, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Edna Church of Titusville is spending a few days with friends in town.

Frank J. Collins of Bradford was among the Democrats at the convention Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd and Mrs. S. A. Moorehouse left Tuesday morning for a visit to the Pan-Am.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gilbert have returned from Coudersport. They were accompanied by Miss Blanche Cole, who is visiting them.

Mrs. Mame L. Bissett is in New York this week where she is purchasing stock for the store which she intends to open in the Rubin block.

Claude Burdick has gone to West Virginia to work on an oil well this week. Claude is dressing tools now and hopes soon to become a driller.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Miss Louise Shoenberger, Miss Janette Hamlin and Scott F. Redfield returned from Buffalo last Thursday evening.

Mrs. W. T. Seger left Tuesday for a visit to her sister at Oneonta, N. Y. After about two months she will go to New York where she will study for the stage.

The Shawmut Railroad.

From a long article in the Elk County Gazette we clip the following paragraph:

At a meeting of the railroad officials recently held it was decided to begin work at once on widening the narrow gauge road from Olean to Bolivar, a distance of 18 miles, and at present an army of men have begun work on the same. A practically new line is being built on this route and when this part is completed the road will be at once built through from Bolivar to Angelica, N. Y., a distance of 20 miles when the road will be completed from Olean to Wayland and Hornellsville, N. Y. The road is now in operation from Mt. Jewett through Smethport to Coryville, Pa., where a connection was made this week with the Pennsylvania railroad. All that remains to be built now in Pennsylvania is a short link of four miles from Clermont to Wildcat and another short link from Coryville to White House, which will take but a short time. As soon as these links are built work will begin on building on to Macedon, N. Y., when this will be a north and south trunk line having connections with all the east and west trunk lines crossing Pennsylvania and New York states, and when completed will be a line 350 miles in length, with a good road bed laid with 85 pound rails and equal in equipment to the best roads in the country. The Shawmut company owns and controls 35,000 acres of the best coal lands in Pennsylvania and this trunk line, when completed, will pass through a region rich in coal, timber, clay, glass material, natural gas, oil, and a rich manufacturing and agricultural section covering the best part of two great states.

The Rise and Fall of a Heroine.

Poor Mrs. Carrie Nation is serving out a fine of $148 in the Topeka, Kan., jail. Mrs. Nation, the heroine, in the eyes of so many church people, cannot raise the money to pay this comparatively small fine among her many friends (?) who cheered her on in her work of saloon smashing, which is the cause of her being confined in jail. To a New York Sun correspondent she said: "Am I deserted? I have not seen a person who is interested in the cause of temperance for a week. I have not seen Dr. McFarland or Rev. Emerson since I got in jail. Not a minister has visited me. What are they all doing? I do not know what is going on. It seems as if I am forsaken. When I was smashing there were hundreds who said 'Good, keep it up,' and assured me that they would stand by me, but now, in the hour of need, I have not heard from one of them, and they have not contributed a 10-cent piece toward securing my release. I don't know whether I can get out or not. If I had accepted the offers I had to go on the stage at $500 a week, or $100 a night, I would be able to pay this fine and the costs, but my mission has not been to make money. That is not my work and I could not keep on with the work for the cause of temperance by accepting such offers, so I refused them. There is no joy in this world for me, except to gain the end."

Cocaine Fiend.

On June 8th a chap appeared in Emporium and registered at the City Hotel under the name of "H. S. Ford of Smethport," claiming to be a crack painter. The same day he called at Dodson's drug store and purchased a quantity of cocaine. He continued to hang around town until last Thursday, when in one of his frantic spells watched his opportunity and dodged into the back door of Taggart's drug store and swiped about $6 worth of cocaine and morphine. The unfortunate individual made haste to leave town, taking the road to Sizerville. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but will no doubt be allowed to sleep in the officer's pocket as long as the poor fellow gives this place the go bye. We are informed he was in the habit of stealing from several stores anything he could get his hands onto, converting the same into money with which to buy the drug.—Emporium Press.

Reduced Rates to Emporium.

On account of the meeting of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association, to be held at Emporium, Pa., August 14 to 16, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Emporium from Harrisburg, Mt. Carmel, Nanticoke and intermediate stations, all stations on the Tyrone division; all stations on the Buffalo and Allegheny division in the state of Pennsylvania and all stations on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad division and branches, Sunbury and Erie, inclusive, at rate of a single fare for the round trip (minimum rate twenty-five cents). These tickets will be sold and good going August 13 to 16, and good returning until August 17, inclusive.

Gas stoves—all sizes—Holmes & Gilfillan.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

The Bradford Council No. 1 accepted the invitation extended them by the Farmers Valley Crescent Council No. 67. They will meet with a warm reception Aug. 16.

Misses Inez and Captola Sprague of Chipmunk, N. Y., who have been visiting Miss Mattie Herzog, returned home last week.

Farmers Valley seems to be the favorite place for picnics this year. There have been three in the past week from out of town.

George Herzog, Sr., who has been on the sick list for the past few weeks, is on the gain at this writing.

There was a pie social given last Wednesday night, the funds to apply on Rev. Dunbar's salary.

A few of Miss Tina Otto's friends enjoyed a very pleasant evening at her home Sunday last.

The T. E. A.'s are progressing very rapidly. Their last candidate was Kale Ferris.

Miss Edna Dunbar, who has been visiting friends in Ceres, returned home last week.

William Geisenhof wheeled into town on a new wheel Saturday night.

Miss Mattie Herzog is intending to spend a week at the Pan Am soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mullin spent Sunday at their Valley home.

Regular trains began running on the Shawmut last Saturday.

Miss Allie Stull expects to return to the Normal school this fall.

Miss Edna Hullin of Dalton, N. Y., is visiting Valley friends.

Mrs. Thomas Purtle was presented with a new washing machine.

Chris, son of John Herzog, has been suffering with bronchitis.

Frank Digel and Theodore Moore drove in town Sunday last.

Mike Herzog is getting to be the champion checker player.

Miss Edith Mosier is visiting friends in Reynoldsville, Pa.

Miss Maude Mosier spent Sunday last with her parents.

Miss Lucy Turner is a guest at J. C. Stull's this week.

Miss Bertha Hinamen was seen in town last week.

What has become of the Degree team Mr. Bray?

We hear there is a new married couple in town.

CLERMONT

The closing of the Clermont mines by the Pennsylvania Co. took effect August 1st and consequently about 50 men are thrown out of employment. As the mine was one of the most important industries of our town the shut down will be keenly felt by a good many. What the company intends to do is not as yet definitely known, but hopes are entertained that business will again be resumed. It is rumored that negotiations are being made with parties to operate the fire clay, which is found in unlimited quantities in the same strata as the coal. Should such a business materialize, Clermont may again be its former self.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Sherman, on Sunday last, a son. Consequently Mr. Sherman wears a broad smile as he attends to the wants of the traveling public at the Pennsylvania railroad station.

Mrs. Alfred Sigman and children have returned to their home in Pittsburg, having spent the greater part of the summer with her relatives at the Bayer House.

Miss Lotta Dan of Bowling Green, Ohio, is in town visiting Miss Mildred Young and is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. Frank Bedford of Olean and Mrs. A. M. Shoff of Buffalo are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. Krummel of this place.

J. F. Keating and John L. Smith have returned from a week's visit to Buffalo and the Pan-American.

Elmer Reed is on the sick list.

Miss Elsie Young of Olean is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. William Jacquette and children of Olean are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John W. Steinhauer.

Mrs. E. F. Burdick of Pittsburg is visiting in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Maloney.

LARABEE.

Saturday morning the first passenger train to reach Larabee over the P., S. & N. arrived on scheduled time. It is run by an exceptionally orderly crew of men, and owing to the superior advantages offered to those desiring to make Smethport their destination will soon become very popular, especially during court week. Four passenger trains now receive passengers during the morning hours.

During the past week quite a change about has taken place among the people at the upper end of town. Alfred Johnson has moved into his new home from the Driscoll house, which was speedily occupied by the family of J. J. Lenhart, while Geo. Turner took possession of the one vacated by Lenhart, thereby giving more room to the family of N. B. Evans.

Miss Mabel Wilmarth of Duke Centre, accompanied by the Misses Goldie and Flossie Kelly, were calling on friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. F. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, returned home Wednesday after a visit to Holland, Buffalo and the Pan-Am.

Masters Arthur and Ernest Hibbard came down from Coryville Sunday to visit "Uncle" Bennie Carpenter.

Chas. Carpenter wheeled to Newerf Sunday and was the guest at the home of Nils Berg.

V. Washburn of Coryville was a guest of his daughter, Mrs. A. E. Rice, Tuesday.

W. A. Walmarth of Portville visited friends in town Saturday and Sunday.

ANNIN CREEK.

E. G. Tubbs has purchased Orin Evans' farm. Mr. Evans is contemplating buying a farm on Sartwell creek.

The grasshoppers are doing great damage to oats and other crops in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Marsh were entertaining out of town friends Saturday.

Most of the farmers are through haying. It was a fair crop in this part.

McCarey Bros. have purchased a new McCormick binder.

A Zinberg has opened an upholstering shop in the Backus block for a short time. Couches, chairs, parlor suits, hair and box spring mattresses, etc., made as good as new at reasonable prices.

Sunday dinners will be served at the Hotel Imperial at 6 o'clock in the future. Luncheon will be served at 1 o'clock p.m.

Ice cream freezers at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

The large and well selected library of the Edinboro State Normal School is being catalogued by the Dewey Card System. This will be an advantage to students. We offer free tuition for the coming year. Write for new illustrated catalogue. Fall Term opens September 16. JOHN F. BIGLER, Principal.

Sunday Rates and Special Train via B., B. & K. Ry.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., B. & K. Ry. will run a special train for Kane and Kinzua Bridge and intermediate stations, leaving Smethport at 11 a. m. Returning, arrive at Smethport at 6:30 p. m. Fare to Kinzua Bridge 80c, Mt. Jewett 45c, Kane 90c.

A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in Medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1868, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cts. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Subscribe for the MINER.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

AHEAD IN FURNISHINGS?

Of course we are. We always are, and just now we are more ahead than ever in the line of

CLOTHING.

You can't show more head or a better one than by calling at our store. Perhaps you think our stock is low because it's between seasons. You're right; it is—in price, but in nothing else. There's plenty of it, and we can fit you out with NECKWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS, Etc., in a style that can't be excelled within a hundred miles of Smethport.

H. W. RUBIN & Co.,
THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

WHAT IS IT?

We just wish to call your attention to the good values we give you in

LUMBER and HARDWARE

of every description.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

BUILDING MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS,
FLOORING, SIDING, CEILING, WINDOWS, DOORS,

General Hardware,

STOVES, TINWEAR, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, RUBEROID ROOFING, LYTHITE COLD WATER PAINT, SEWER PIPE, DRAIN TILE, LIME, CEMENTS, ETC.

"The Bright Side of Life is Always Visible from the Wheel."

A good road or a pleasing prospect is additionally enjoyable if the rider is mounted on a **Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless.** The mechanism always runs the same, exertion is reduced to the minimum and there are no small annoyances. New Models, $75.

Columbia Chain Wheels remain the standard of the chain type. New Models, $50.

Hartfords, New Models, $35. **Vedettes** New Models, $25.

Cushion Frame, for Chainless or Chain Columbias, $5.00 extra. Columbia Tire or Coaster Brake, $5.00 extra.

M. L. Armstrong, Agent, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

SPECIAL!

We commence a special sale to-day of all our Spring and Summer

Suits and Pantaloons.

You know what this means when we advertise a sale of this kind. It is an immense saving to all those who are going to buy Clothing.

Suits that were $10 now go for $7.00
Suits that were $12 now go for $8.50
Suits that were 15 now go for 10.00
Suits that were 18 now go for 12.50
Suits that were $20 now go for $14.

These excellent bargains will prevail throughout our Pantaloon Department, also Boys' and Children's. We will give you the same careful attention at this big money saving sale as if you paid the regular prices. All goods sold that are advertised will be spot cash. We positively will not charge during this sale.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.
The Big Double Clothing Store.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of
FINE STATIONERY,
Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

FRY & HERZOG

FOULLARD SILKS. Clearing Sale.

This week we offer the balance of our stock of Foullard Silks in twelve yard patterns, very swell, exclusive styles, at prices which mean a substantial saving to those who respond quickly.

The amount of these goods consumed in fashion centers this season has been phenomenal.

There is no question about their popularity with the best dressers in the land.

Seventy-five cent grade 59c yd. A saving of a dollar and ninety-two cents on the pattern. Worth while, isn't it?

Eighty-five cent grade, 65c yd. Leaving two dollars and forty cents to put to another use.

LADIES' FANCY HOSE 39 cents.

We have a small quantity of these goods left from last week's sale.

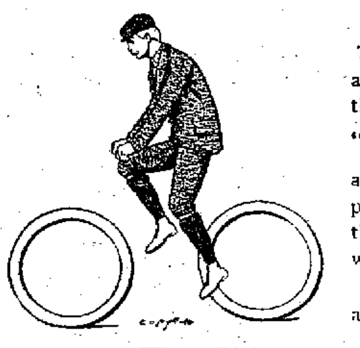
They are a regular fifty cent hose and worth your prompt attention.

GOLF STOCKS, 50c. Very Swell.

A new line of these highly popular neck pieces for ladies and gentlemen now on sale.

They are meeting with tremendous success at the leading summer resorts. The best hot weather article ever devised. Try them.

FRY & HERZOG.



JUST TIRES won't make a bicycle a good one. The tires are important, but there's other things important, too

"ELDRED" BICYCLES

are good clear through. Can't put your finger on a spot and say that it doesn't look sound or the workmanship is defective.

Material and construction is A1 and our guarantee beats them all.

The Eldred Chainless, $65.
The Eldred Chain Wheel, $30 and $40.
Coaster Brakes, $5 extra.

We do first-class bicycle repairing.

We can vulcanize the large holes in your tires which makes them good as new.

Try Us.

THE ELDRED CYCLE & SUPPLY CO.
Store Corner Main and Edson Streets,
ELDRED, PA.

Horses and Cattle.

Give your horses and cattle a rest by using Sure Fly Remedy. Price 75c gallon. Prepared by

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.
Opposite Court House.
Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

WE NEED ROOM.

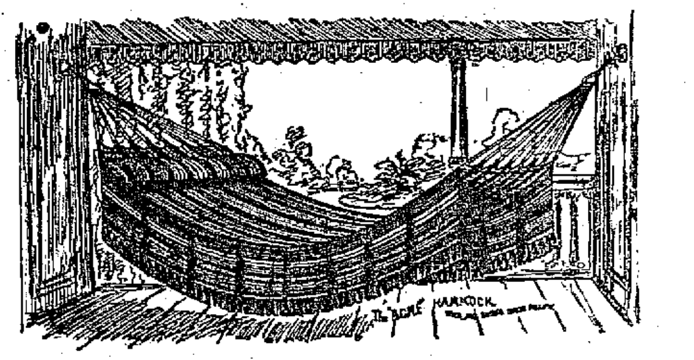
And for the next few weeks will be fussing with the masons and carpenters and to get as much of our stock as possible out of the dirt we will, commencing

Monday, July 29th,

for two weeks make it an object for you to buy

Furniture, Carpets, Mantels.
See **SLOAN** first,
Last and All the Time.
16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

SEASONABLE GOODS
HAMMOCKS, CROQUET SETS, BASEBALL GOODS, BOOKS—YOU WILL FIND IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.



McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Do Your Eyes Deceive You?

If so it is time you had them examined by a competent optician. I have had many years experience in diseases of the eye and can help you. Have your eyes fitted with glasses by a man who understands his business. . . . .

Chas. H. Robie
Leading Jeweler & Optician,
122 N. Union Street, Olean, N. Y.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Attend the Olean races. It is your last chance.

—Eldred is booming. The Eagle of last week reports two scraps in the town.

—The Olean Herald says the new trolley line between Olean and Bolivar is assured.

—The famous Repasz band has been engaged for the firemen's convention in Emporium next week.

—Thirty fresh air mission children are being entertained at present by the hospitable people of Kane.

—T. J. Young has had his restaurant on Main street repapered and repainted. Tom has one of the neatest places in this section.

—The East Smethport ball team gave a dance at Bush's hall last Friday night. Another of these enjoyable dances will be given to-morrow night.

—Dr. Lambert Whitney died at his home in Olean on Tuesday of last week aged nearly 89 years. He had been a resident of Olean 68 years and was one of that city's most prominent citizens.

—On Tuesday of last week the taxpayers of Austin, Potter county, voted on the question of bonding the town for the sum of $19,769, for the purpose of constructing a water system. The voters decided in favor of the expenditure by a vote of 157 to 59.

—The Wellsboro Gazette says: There are no funds in the hands of the county treasurer to pay sheep damages, owing to collectors failing to pay dog taxes into the treasury. There are now thirty bills aggregating between $500 and $600 awaiting payment in the commissioners' office.

—Mrs. Mary A. Blackwells, wife of Postmaster Blackwells, and acting as assistant postmaster at Lloyds, has been held in heavy bail for her appearance at the next term of United States Circuit Court at Scranton in October for delaying and opening letters that passed through that postoffice.

—The Supreme lodge of the Scandinavian Brotherhood of America will meet in Kane on the 13th, 14th and 15th of August. It is expected that over 500 delegates will be in attendance. Editor A. J. Lannis of Jamestown, N. Y., is president of the order and Jno. O. Sonbergh of Bradford is secretary.—Kane Leader."

—Generoso Consolazio asked County Judge Aspinall of Brooklyn the other day to make him an American citizen. "Who makes the laws for New York state?" asked the judge. "Richard Croker," replied the applicant promptly. "You may be right," replied the judge. "You may think that Croker makes the laws, but I don't. You are rejected."

—The Shippensburg town council has passed an ordinance making it unlawful, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to drink whisky, beer or other intoxicating liquors, to use any vile or profane language, or to congregate on any of the sidewalks or public grounds of the borough. The fine is not to exceed $10, and imprisonment shall be in the borough lockup.

—The pavement at the corner of Fourth and State streets exploded Monday, that is to say that the heat caused the brick to expand and cause the explosion. Geo. Horton and a man by the name of Sweeney were working at that point and were thrown a considerable distance. The bricks were scattered over a good bit of space and it took several days to make the repairs.—Olean Herald.

—Under the head of a strange coincidence the Mt. Jewett Herald says: On Tuesday a six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nels Peterson of Lantz, fell while at play and fractured the bones of her left forearm. The little sufferer was brought to Mt. Jewett where a physician reduced the fracture and she was taken home. On Wednesday afternoon a four-year-old sister fell in the same manner while at play, and also fractured the bones of her left forearm. She, too, was brought to Mt. Jewett and received the necessary repairs.

—Miss Marie Elizabeth Hibbard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. V. M. Hibbard of South Union street, was united in marriage Wednesday morning to William Napier Cripps of Buffalo. The ceremony was performed at St. Stephens church by Rev. J. W. Ashton and was witnessed by only the immediate relatives and a few friends of the contracting parties. Mr. and Mrs. Cripps left for Buffalo, where they will make their future home.—Olean Herald. The bride is a niece of Miss Minnie Hibbard of Hazelhurst, well known here.

—An Oklahoma editor, who is a deep thinker, has fixed a table of rates for publishing things, "not as they seem," says the Jefferson (Tex.) Jimplecute, as follows: "For calling a man a successful citizen when everyone knows he is lazier than a government mule, $2.75; referring to a deceased citizen as one who is sincerely mourned by the entire community when we know he will only be missed by the poker circles, $1 08; referring to some gallivanting female as an estimable lady whom it is a pleasure to meet, when every business man in town had rather see the devil coming, hoofs, horns and all, than to see her coming towards them, $3.10; calling an ordinary pulpit pounder an eminent divine, 90 cents; sending a tough citizen to heaven with poetry, $5.

A Minister's Good Work.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," says Rev. A. A. Power of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he said, 'No.' I went home and brought him my bottle and gave him one dose: told him to take another dose in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Pennsylvania Railroad Special Rates to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

During the continuance of the Pan American Exposition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Smethport to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the following rates:

	Buffalo	Niagara Falls
5 day limit, sold Tuesdays and Saturdays not good in parlor or sleeping cars	$3.00	$3.50
15 day limit, good in parlor or sleeping cars	3.80	4.30
Season, final limit November 30, 1901	4.35	5.15

Additional information may be had upon application to ticket agents.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and liver tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cure biliousness, constipation and headache. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

HANDLING BIG SERPENTS.

Poisonous Snakes In Demand by Doctors For Experimenting.

"In handling a big snake you must always touch him with a soft, smooth, gliding motion of the hand, making it feel to him as much as possible like the touch of another snake, and, besides, you must be careful to keep his tail out straight. Keep the tail straight, and he can't coil on you. His bite is nothing, for he has not poison, but his coil around your leg or arm or body will crush the bones.

"The poisonous snakes—the water, moccasins, rattlesnakes and copperheads—are bought for zoos. Now and then a doctor buys them heavily for awhile. He wants to experiment with their poison. After he has been bitten two or three times he stops buying.

"There are a number of people who buy snakes for pets. Those people always, without an exception, make pets also of rats, mice and turtles. Any one fond of snakes is sure to be fond of those other things too. They keep their snakes and turtles and rats as near as possible to them. Often they keep them in their bedrooms. There was a young man who used to come here last year after pine snakes—a university student. That young man would sit with his hand in among the coils of a cageful of snakes for hours. He would take one's head in his hands and lift its face close up to his own and gaze for a long time in its eyes. Then he would hold it off and stroke it and study its changing colors in a kind of trance. I don't know what pleasure or satisfaction he got out of the snakes. He bought over a dozen from me during the year and kept them in his bedroom in a boarding house. They all escaped one night through a rathole and got among the neighbors and raised general ballyhoo."—Philadelphia Record.

LOVE AMONG SAVAGES.

Ability to Stand Torture a Test of Masculine Devotion.

Among the Arabs of upper Egypt the youth who proposes to a girl must submit to a whipping at the hands of all her male relatives, and, says a dry narrator, "if he wishes to be considered worth having he must receive the chatisement, which is sometimes exceedingly severe, with an expression of enjoyment."

Not infrequently it is the maiden herself who imposes the test. The Sakalava girls of Madagascar make their lovers stand at a short distance from a clever spear thrower and catch between the arm and side every weapon flung at them. If the youth "displays fear or fails to catch the spear, he is ignominiously rejected, but if there be no flinching and the spears are caught he is at once proclaimed an accepted lover."

Worse than this is the trial enforced upon their suitors by the Dongulowee girls. When in doubt as to the respective merits of two rivals, the young lady fastens a sharply pointed knife to each elbow; then, seating herself between her lovers, she drives the blades slowly into their thighs, and the hero who takes the greatest length of steel without a murmur wins the bride.

Major Mitchell in his "Expeditions Into the Interior of Eastern Australia" says of the natives on the river Darling that all their ideas of fighting are associated with the possession of gins or wives and that after a battle the wives "do not always follow their fugitive husbands from the field, but frequently go over, as a matter of course, to the victors." "None but the brave deserve the fair" is a maxim well understood of most barbaric races.—Chambers' Journal.

Bill Nye on Life Insurance.

The late Bill Nye's indorsement of life insurance is probably the most characteristic paragraph to be quoted from his writings:

"In these days of dynamite and swift changing presidential administrations and dark tunnels through which an engineer goes groping his way at 25 miles per hour, these days of tumbling signs of the times and tipsy telegraph poles, live wires and dead repairers; these days when the politician and the deadly bridge policeman with his pull lie down together under the influence of the same stimulant; these days when death lurks in the air we breathe, the earth we tread, the food we eat, the water—the water we bathe in—I say it behooves us to look well to our insurance and our future state, and I take pleasure in certifying and saying to whom these presents may come that since I became fully insured my health has improved so much that it is a subject for profound congratulation on my own part and the deepest disgust on the part of those who would naturally inherit my vast wealth."

Keeping the Head Clean.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. An exchange tells of a distinguished physician who, having spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in case of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and drafts of air should be avoided for a little while.

The Heart of a Mouse.

A tiny mouse who lived near the house of a magician begged him to save her from the cat of whom she lived in deadly terror.

So the magician changed the mouse into a cat, and she went away delighted.

In a few days she came back again in terror. "Oh, save me, save me now from the dog," she begged.

And the magician changed her to a dog.

A few days more, and back she came—this time in deadly fear of a tiger.

"Nonsense," said the magician. "You have only the heart of a mouse, and afraid you will always be. It is the heart that tells!"

The World's Space.

A statistician asserts that when 350 years shall have passed the density of the earth's population will be so great that each person will have only two thirds of an acre, which space will have to suffice for all purposes—agriculture, roads, houses, parks, railways, etc. He estimates the present population of the earth at 1,600,000,000 and says that in 2250 it will be 52,073,000,000.

A Useful Mother-in-law.

"After all, a mother-in-law is a pretty good thing to have sometimes."

"What wonderful experience have you been having lately?"

"My wife was afraid to discharge our cook, and she wouldn't go for me, so we sent for Birdie's mother and turned her loose in the kitchen. They smashed some of the furniture, but the cook's gone."

Running the Gantlet.

Running the gantlet as a military punishment was, it is said, originated by Gustavus Adolphus to punish thieves in his army. It was borrowed by the English from the Germans, who copied it from Gustavus, and, being employed in the British regiments in America, was readily taken up by the Indians of this country.

TWO SCHOOLS.

I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule,
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again.
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said, "you are [illegible]
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."
—Henry Van Dyke, in Atlantic Monthly.

AN EXCHANGE OF BAGS.

... By M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

I had been at a certain hotel in London for three months while making researches in the interests of a client in Canada and had come to a point in my investigations where I was required to go down to Canterbury to consult church records, and late one evening I began packing my bag for the trip. I was thus engaged when the door opened and a stranger entered my room. He was a man of about 50, well dressed and having the look of a gentleman, and there was a bland smile on his face as he quietly observed:

"I thought I heard you invite me to come in in answer to my knock. Pray excuse me if I intrude."

He handed me a card on which was engraved the name of Theodore E. Bliss, New Orleans, but his looks and accent did not go to show that he was a southerner. On the contrary, I knew he was a northern man. He was fairly posted about my own town of Toronto, and, according to his statement, he had been offered a large plat of vacant property at a bargain. I knew

TWO OFFICERS CALLED AND ARRESTED ME.

the property and its owner, and I knew the price to be low. We were talking away when there came a knock on the door, and as I rose to open it the landlord entered, and I saw a stranger behind him.

"Ah, Mr. Cook," said mine host, "please excuse me. I thought you were out and some one might have entered your room. It is all right—all right. Beg pardon, I'm sure."

He was gone before I could ask any questions, and Mr. Bliss at once led the conversation back to the property and kept me so busy answering his queries that I had no time to wonder over the incident. He remained for a full hour. As he asked me to act as his agent for the purchase of the property and as he paid me £100 on account I was forced to be more or less interested, though I could not get over feeling a bit put out at the way he had entered my room. Before leaving he found that I was going down to Canterbury in the morning, and he laughingly exclaimed:

"How very queer! Why, I'm going down there myself. I'll meet you at the station in the morning, and we'll make the journey together."

After I got to bed I began to go over the incidents of the evening in a lawyerlike way. I found I had some curiosity about the way the landlord had burst into my room and also as to the identity of the man who had remained in the background. Mr. Bliss had seemed to talk straight enough, but I was considerably puzzled over him. After a night's sleep I felt better, however, or at least less annoyed, and when Mr. Bliss joined me at the station I gave him cordial welcome. In a casual way I also noticed that he carried a Gladstone bag, but of course I thought nothing of it at the time. We were a little early for the train and had taken our tickets and were walking up and down the platform when I was accosted by a stranger who asked for a word in private. I suspected at once that he was a detective. When we had stepped aside he respectfully inquired:

"Am I right in believing that you are Mr. Cook of Toronto, Canada?"

"Perfectly so," I replied.

"You are stopping at the King's Arms?"

"I am."

"And the party with you?"

"Mr. Theodore E. Bliss, sir."

"Ah, just so! Thanks, sir. Mr. Bliss, being in your company, must be all right. Good day, sir."

Had he lingered I might have put some questions myself, but as he hurried away instead I turned to my friend. Mr. Bliss was humming an air to himself and appeared cool and placid. He asked no questions, and I volunteered no information. I was upset again, however. If Mr. Bliss was all right because he was in my company, the detective must have had a suspicion of him previous to this meeting. I had in a way guaranteed the man, and had I been right or wrong? As soon as we had taken our seats in the train I began to pump him as if I had him on the witness stand. In the course of an hour he made a dozen slips about Toronto, and he dodged so many questions that I made up my mind he was a man I wanted nothing to do with. I insisted on returning his money and taking back the receipt, and I declined to act as his agent in any manner. He was certainly surprised and put out, but he did not argue the matter. Just before we reached Guilford Junction he said he must get off there to see to a little business, but we did not part in bad feeling. It was not until I arrived at Canterbury that I discovered there had been a change of bags. Mr. Bliss had taken mine and left his.

Perhaps it was not exactly the right thing to do, but in my room at the hotel I tried my keys on the lock of the strange bag and opened it. It was stuffed full of what I at first supposed to be clothing, but after a little investigation I grew white in the face and weak in the knees. Down below the clothing were English consols and railway bonds to the amount of half a million dollars. I didn't have to go much to come to the conclusion that a big robbery had been pulled off and that Mr. Bliss was in it. It was my duty to inform the police at once, but before I could leave the hotel two officers called and arrested me. They had me red handed, as it were, and even at the police station they would pay no attention to my assertions or protestations. In England a person under arrest is deemed guilty at least by the police. I was taken back to London, where the robbery had occurred, and, though I had money and credentials and was an innocent man, [illegible] weeks to get out of the grip of the law. Meantime the astute officers had given Mr. Bliss time to get half around the globe.

How the man knew I was from Toronto and stopping at the King's Arms I cannot say, but he had robbed a broker's office near by, left the satchel at a fruit stand and [illegible] to escape the crowd on his track. He had come direct to my room and had thereby saved himself. When he heard [illegible] our conversation he picked up his satchel and turned in somewhere for the night. He knew the railroad stations would be watched, and he planned to get out of town in my company. It cost me fifty pounds and no end of worry to get clear of the law, and when I finally returned to the hotel the [illegible] urbane and [illegible] landlord met me with a smile and said:

"Yes, I know they failed to convict you, but just at present we are greatly overcrowded, and I cannot accommodate you. Innocent as a babe, sir, but you'll have to try some other hotel, don'cherknow?"

How High Was the Tower of Babel?

The actual height at which the last stage of that famous structure, the Tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of mere conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each 75 feet in height, but whether this ruin was the remains of the Tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these 75 foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about 12 miles. In Cingalese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.

Pingree and Mosby.

When Hazen S. Pingree was coming into prominence in Michigan politics, he was in Washington one night and strolled through the corridors of Willard's hotel, which he had not visited since war times, when it was the popular rendezvous of ~~the city~~ political, military and otherwise. A friend introduced him to Colonel Mosby, the old guerrilla chieftain.

"Why, hello, colonel," said Pingree in his bluff, offhand way, just as if he was in the habit of meeting Mosby every day. "I have not seen you for 25 years, but I remember very well the last occasion when we met."

"Ah," said the Virginian politely, "what incident recalls it to your mind? I really fail to remember you, much to my regret."

"Oh, well," said Pingree, "you would not be so apt as I to remember the day. I was captured by your men, and, happening to be wearing a very good, nearly new uniform, you confiscated it on the spot and gave me your old, ragged butternuts. But that's all right. All's fair in love and war, I know. Let's have a cigar."

Without a word of protest Mosby accepted, and a long friendship followed.

She Was the Ghost.

"A certain lady and her family," says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff in his "Diary," "hired a place in Scotland which was haunted by the ghost of a woman who was to be seen constantly at night wandering through the rooms and passages. When the family arrived, the lady was much struck with the place and said, 'I must have been here before, for I know this place so well, only there ought to be two rooms here, and there is only one.'

"The agent replied that within a few [illegible]

A Remarkable Suicide.

[illegible]

Bottles.

[illegible]

Trouble Either Way.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Belle of Canada City.

[illegible]

...in knowing all the time what she was up to, he asked significantly.

[illegible] said Trixie briefly, with a slight flush in color on his lank, sallow cheek and a sudden wavering of his steadfast eyes. "She tells me you have a message from your doctors. I think I know what it is, but we won't discuss it now. As I am going directly to Sacramento, I shall not see them, but I will give you an answer to take to them when we reach the station. I am going to give you a lift when my [illegible] ready. And here she is."

It was the old Cissy that stepped into the room, dressed as she was when she first came [illegible] days ago. Oddly enough, he fancied that [illegible] her little [illegible] and [illegible] to the back seat of the [illegible] sleigh in waiting [illegible] really think I understand you better in your other clothes." A slight blush came [illegible] still audacious. "All the same, I don't think you'd like to walk down Main street with me in that rig, although you once thought nothing of taking me over your old mill in your blue blouse and overalls." And, having apparently greatly relieved her proud little heart by this [illegible] that the young [illegible] he had been [illegible] first.

When they reached the station, Trixie drew him aside. Taking an envelope marked "Private Contracts" from his pocket, he opened it and displayed some papers. "These are the securities. Tell your doctors that you have seen them safe in my hands, and that no one else has seen them. Tell them that if they will send me their renewed notes I will fix them up to Sacramento within the next three days. [illegible] That is my message."

The young man bowed. But before the coach started he managed to draw near to Cissy. "You are not returning to Canada City?" he said.

The young girl made a gesture of [illegible] "Not [illegible] there seem [illegible] go with my [illegible] Sacramento."

"Then I suppose [illegible]"

[illegible]

"And I."

He looked at her fixedly. She returned his glance audaciously, steadfastly.

"You [illegible]," she said in her low but [illegible]

"I will."

And he did.

THE END.

A City Destroyed by Silence.

Amyclae, if the old legend of its fate is to be relied upon, actually perished through silence. [illegible] was a town of [illegible] Sparta [illegible] It was independent [illegible] was finally conquered by the Spartans. The city [illegible] alarmed by false [illegible] approach of Spartan [illegible] state of absolute terror. It was decreed that it should be made a public offense to report the approach of the enemy. So when the Spartans at last actually appeared before the city no one dared to [illegible] and thus they were able to take the town without scarcely an effort.

[illegible]

Short and Sweet.

[illegible]

Rough Shod.

[illegible]

Composition on Love.

[illegible]

Swallowed a Knife.

[illegible]

ADULTERATED COFFEE

GROCER WHITE FOUND GUILTY OF VIOLATING [illegible]

Interesting Facts Concerning the Roasting of Coffee [illegible]

[illegible]

...conducted the defense of Grocer White. The [illegible]

[illegible]

The defense through the Arbuckles who prepared [illegible] Prof. H. W. Wiley of the United States Agricultural Department, Prof. [illegible] of Ann Arbor University, Prof. Blyth [illegible] were called [illegible]

[illegible]

...the glazing, [illegible] mixture of [illegible] the Arbuckles for a year or [illegible]

[illegible] who heard Dr. Wiley's testimony were pleased [illegible] The doctor at one point in his testimony explained very clearly how it is that the egg put into the coffee pot by the housewife settles the grounds. He said that the heat coagulates the albumen and as it sinks to the bottom of the pot it takes the fine particles of coffee with it, and thus clarifies the drink. [illegible] the work. Later on [illegible] the egg was put on [illegible]

Prof. Wiley acknowledged that the glazing might be a [illegible] medium for the propagation of bacteria [illegible] though he would not testify positively either way because he was not a bacteriologist.

Prof. Vaughan of Ann Arbor, also a witness for the Arbuckles, said he found bacteria on Arbuckles' coffee.

Prof. Blyth, another witness for the defense, found any number of lively bacteria on Arosa coffee he examined, and he agreed that glazed coffee surely was a more favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria than unglazed [illegible]

Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn [illegible]

[illegible]

Washington's Fastidious Kinsman.

[illegible]

ON FIRE.

An exploding lamp set the clothing in [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. Pierce's [illegible] R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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